



**THE SPHINX**, by Oscar Wilde, with decorations in pure line by Charles Ricketts.

Two hundred and fifty copies have been printed by the Ballantyne Press, small 4to, in green, black and red, with designed initials on special English hand-made paper; bound in gold and vellum in a double design. Price, \$12.00.

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**HERO AND LEANDER**, by Christopher Marlowe and George Chapman, with borders, initials and illustrations designed and engraved on the wood by C. S. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon, bound in English vellum and gold. \$10.00.

"This book commemorates the edition of Hero and Leander, by Musaeus, first published in Venice by Aldus in the year MCCCCXCIV. Of this edition, only two hundred and twenty copies exist, of which two hundred are for sale. The printing is by the Ballantyne Press, London and Edinburgh."

COPELAND AND DAY, 69 Corahill, Boston





# THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 3

JUNE 15TH

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## A BALLADE OF DEATH-BEDS

HIS limbs were heavy from the fight,  
His mail was dark with dust and blood :  
On his good steed they bound him tight,  
And on his breast they bound the rood,  
To help him in the ride that night.

When he crashed through the wood's wet rim,  
About the dabbled reeds a breeze  
Went moaning broken words and dim ;  
The haggard shapes of twilight trees  
Caught with their scrawny hands at him.

Between the doubtful aisles of day,  
Strange folk and lamentable stood  
To maze and beckon him astray :  
But through the grey wrath of the wood  
He held right on his bitter way.

When he came where the trees were thin,  
The moon sat waiting there to see :  
On her worn palm she laid her chin,  
And laughed awhile with feeble glee,  
To think how strong this knight had been.

A keen star cried : " His breast is torn,  
His eyes are dull as balls of lead !  
Think you he rides against the morn  
To some soft woman he has wed ?  
He is a thing for ghosts to scorn."

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When he rode past the pallid lake,  
 The withered yellow stems of flags  
 Stood breast-high for his horse to break:  
 Lewd as the palsied lips of hags,  
 The petals in the moon did shake.

The lewd lips babbled to the pool:  
 "The pastures were agaze with flowers  
 When first he met the soft-heart fool;  
 And they would kiss for hours and hours;  
 But now, God knows, their blood is cool!"

When he fled past the mountain wall,  
 The snow upon the heights looked down,  
 And said, "The thing is pitiful.  
 The nostrils of his steed are brown  
 With frozen blood, and he will fall."

The iron passes of the hills  
 With question were reverberate,  
 And but the sharp-tongued little rills  
 Had grown for once compassionate,  
 The spiteful shades had had their wills.

Just when the ache in breast and brain,  
 And the frost smiting at his face,  
 Had sealed his spirit up with pain,  
 He came out in a better place,  
 And morning lay upon the plain.

He saw the wet snails crawl and cling  
 On fern leaves where the dew had run;  
 The careless birds went wing and wing,  
 And in the low smile of the sun  
 Life seemed almost a pleasant thing.

YRAGU  
 TO YRUG  
 3NAD 3STON

Right on the panting charger swung  
 Through the bright depths of quiet grass;  
 The knight's lips moved as if they sung,  
 And through the peace there came to pass  
 The flattery of lute and tongue.

From the mid flowering of the mead  
 There swelled a sob of minstrelsy,  
 Faint sackbuts and the dreamy reed,  
 And plaintive lips of maids thereby,  
 And songs blown out like thistle seed.

The singers parted either side,  
 And as his loosened rein fell slack  
 He muttered, "In their throats they lied,  
 Who said that I should ne'er win back  
 To kiss her lips before I died!"

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.



## MR. BLISS CARMAN'S POEMS

Like Rossetti, Mr. Carman had won an enviable reputation as a poet before he fairly challenged opinion with a printed book. From time to time in the magazines appeared verses of strange flavour, over a name which readers resolutely mistook for a *nom de plume*; and discriminating ears detected a new voice rising over the sweet but rather monotonous concord of the general choir. From time to time, also, came manuscripts and printed slips, which passed from hand to hand like Shakespere's "sugared sonnets among his private friends"; and so distinctive and penetrating a quality was there in these flying leaflets, that the praise of them went far beyond the circle of their readers. People who had never seen a line of Mr. Carman's came to hear his name so often that they grew curious about him. And presently there arose



a demand for a volume of his verse. In the gratification of this demand, Mr. Carman showed no indiscreet haste; but at last he has put forth a small volume of lyrics, under the title of "Low Tide on Grand Pré."

This collection, being made up of poems exclusively in the minor key, leaves unrepresented one side of Mr. Carman's genius,—a side which is of particular importance in these dilettante days. Certain poems in the periodicals have shown him to possess a joyous major note, masculine and full-throated. But in the quieter moods and more reserved measures of the volume before me, his distinctive qualities are not less unmistakably displayed. One of these is a combination of verbal simplicity with an extreme complexity of suggestion and intention. He is master of the inevitable phrase, the unforgettable cadence. As far as technique is concerned, this, I think, is his peculiar achievement. His lyric utterance is thoroughly individual, and in its music so fresh and alluring that its influence is quickly apparent in the verse of contemporaries. His style has that distinction which, in the case of an older writer, we would call the mark of the master, and which declares its authority by attracting disciples or imitators. It is in many such stanzas as this:—

Because I am a wanderer  
Upon the roads of endless quest,  
Between the hill-wind and the hills,  
Along the margin men call rest.

It is in all that perfect and impassioned lyric called "A Northern Vigil," of which I must quote some portions:—

"I sit by the fire and hear  
The restless wind go by,  
On the long dirge and drear,  
Under the low bleak sky.

"When day puts out to sea  
And night makes in for land,  
There is no lock for thee,  
Each door awaits thy hand!

\* \* \* \* \*

YASSEL  
TO VINU  
3MAD 3STOR



"When the zenith moon is round,  
And snow-wraiths gather and run,  
And there is set no bound  
To love beneath the sun,

"O wayward will, come near  
The old mad wilful way,  
The soft mouth at my ear  
With words too sweet to say!

\* \* \* \* \*

"The windows of my room  
Are dark with bitter frost,  
The stillness aches with doom  
Of something loved and lost.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And though thy coming rouse  
The sleep-cry of no bird,  
The keepers of the house  
Shall tremble at thy word.

"Come, for the soul is free!  
In all the vast dreamland  
There is no lock for thee,  
Each door awaits thy hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yea, wilt thou not return,  
When the late hill-winds veer,  
And the bright hill-flowers burn  
With the reviving year?

\* \* \* \* \*

"The curtains seem to part;  
A sound is on the stair,  
As if at the last . . . I start;  
Only the wind is there."

With memorable line or inescapable grace of turn and fall it waylays us deliciously in almost every poem of the collection. It is the whole charm of the flawless fragment called "A Sea-Drift":

"As the seaweed swims the sea  
In the ruin after storm,  
Sunburnt memories of thee  
Through the twilight float and form.

"And desire when thou art gone  
Roves his desolate domain,  
As the meadow-birds at dawn  
Haunt the spaces of the rain."

Of poetry, half is in the manner, half in the matter. Mr. Carman's matter is not less distinctive than his manner. Whatever concerns of the human heart may occupy his song,—pain or pleasure, love or death, a memory or a desire,—the voice of nature is always making itself heard. He does not transcribe nature, or set himself to interpret her; but in terms of her all his emotions express themselves. He can no more escape her than can the strings of the æolian harp escape the wind. In his lines we hear the irresponsible, elusive speech of the rain, the trees, the grasses; we catch hints of the incalculable purpose of wind and sea. He is elemental. The savour of nature is in his grain, as the salt of the sea is through and through the fibre of a bit of driftwood.

In the case of a poet so significant and vital, it is worth while trying to trace his poetic lineage. It seems to me that Mr. Carman derives in the main from Emerson and Swinburne,—a strange and piquant blend. But the fusion is complete, the influences not to be detected without careful analysis. A study of Arnold, too, has doubtless helped Mr. Carman much, contributing to his purity of phrase. And here and there we feel that he has been conscious, not altogether to his advantage, of the spell of Browning. As a stimulus and an awakener Browning is admirable, but as a master he is dangerous. He will not fuse. In the work of those whom he has influenced his influence gathers in little intractable nodules.

This brief note is concerned not with the defects but with the beauties of Mr. Carman's work, because when an admir-

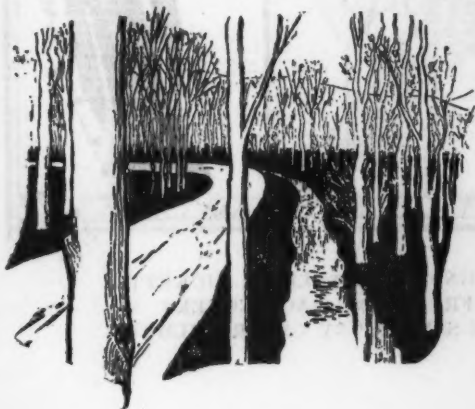


A NEAPOLITAN GIRL  
BY G. DE SANCTIS  
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION  
OF MR. A. F. JACCACI  
THE CHAP-BOOK, JUNE 15, 1894

able poet has arisen it is the duty of the critic to call the attention of readers to the new delight that has come within their reach. Nevertheless, as the critic's authority is apt to be called in question unless he shows himself on the alert for flaws, I shall proceed with diffidence to point out what seem to me to be Mr. Carman's weaknesses. His structure is often defective,—he is not always careful in regard to the architectonics of verse. Many of his poems are built as waywardly as a dream, and one sometimes feels that parts of one poem might as easily fit into the framework of another. He has a tendency to repeat his effects; and while his poems are sharply differentiated from those of other poets, they are not always well differentiated from each other. There is also, at times, a curious and bewildering intricacy of thought which may justly be called obscurity; but this is a fault which Mr. Carman is rapidly eliminating from his work.

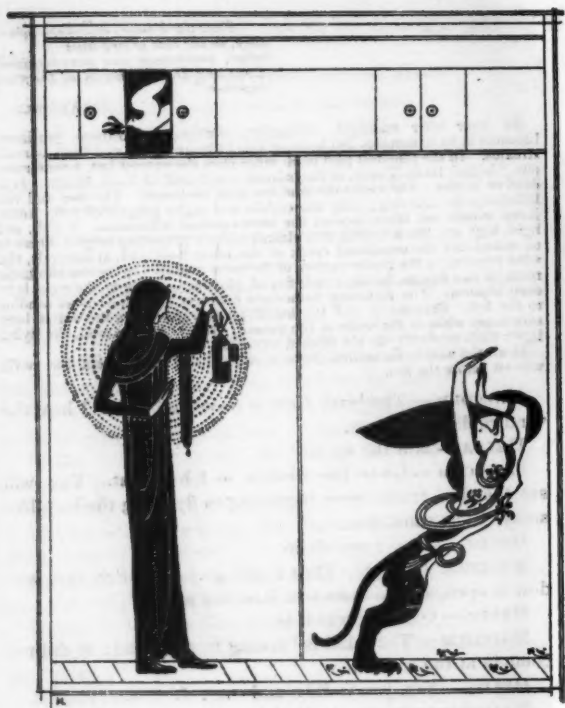
The volume before me is one of the second edition of "Low Tide on Grand Pré." As a piece of book-making it is so artistic and satisfying that I can not refrain from complimenting the publishers upon it.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.





DESIGNS BY CHARLES S. RICKETTS  
FOR FRONT AND BACK COVERS  
"THE SPHINX" BY OSCAR WILDE



## A NORTHERN NIGHT.

*"That dark hour, obscurely minatory,  
in the tide of two lives . . .  
when, unforeseen and unrecognised,  
Love and Death come in at the flood  
together."*

SIWÅARMILL.

An hour after midnight. A desolate district of Northern Scotland, hemmed in by mountains and innumerable lochs and tarns and deep, narrow streams. In the remotest part of it, miles from the nearest hut, a semi-ruinous "keep," Iorsa Tower, at the extreme north-end of Loch Malon. It is dead of winter. For weeks the land has been ice-bound. The deer and the hill-sheep are starving; only the corbies and eagles gorge their full. Iorsa Keep stands out black against the snow-covered wilderness. A dull, red light, high up, like a staring eye, gleams under a projecting ledge. There is no sound but the occasional crack of the bitter frost, and, at intervals, the wind pressing-in the frozen surface of the snow depths. In the one habitable room sit two figures, before a rude fire of pine-logs. Most of the room is in deep shadow. The flickering flame-light discloses a small, deep-set window to the left. Between it and the hearth-place, and close to the wall, a bed, startlingly white in the midst of the gloom. Over it, on the wall, the flying lights flash momentarily on old disused weapons.

In all the wild lands around there is not a living soul except the twain who sit before the fire.

MALCOLM — The black frost is about to break: I hear the wind ruffling the snow.

HELDA — Is it the snow?

MALCOLM — Go to the window and look out. You will see the thin, frozen snow beginning to fly along the loch like spray. The wind rises.

HELDA — No; I am afraid.

MALCOLM (*rising*) — Then I will go. . . See, the window is open, and you can now hear the wind.

HELDA — Oh, how cold it is.

MALCOLM — The wind is blowing from behind: it did not come in at the window.

HELDA — Yes, yes, it did: and . . .

MALCOLM (*returning to Helda's side*) — Is not the fire comforting? The logs are red-hot, sparkling and sputtering.

Helda, slightly shivering, glances at him, and then draws nearer to the fire.

MALCOLM — Are you not glad we are no longer on the ice?



HELDA — Yes: oh, yes, yes.

MALCOLM — And that we are here at last, we two! Oh, Helda!

HELDA — Yes, I am glad that we are no longer upon the ice.

MALCOLM — Why do you repeat yourself, Helda?

Helda, in silence, looks straight before her into the fire.

MALCOLM — Why are you glad?

HELDA — Because I feared that we were followed.

MALCOLM — Who would have followed us? Who could have followed us?

Helda stares fixedly, and in silence, at the glowing embers.

MALCOLM — No one followed us.

HELDA — Thrice, when I looked behind my shoulder, I saw a shadow flying along the ice.

MALCOLM — The half-moon was as ruddy as a torch-flame. We should have seen anyone who followed us. And when we reached the frozen loch we could see all around.

HELDA — It was there I saw the flying shadow.

MALCOLM — I heard no one. I heard nothing.

HELDA — Nor I, except the hiss of the wind blowing the ice-spray over the loch.

MALCOLM — There was no wind.

HELDA — The ice-spray flew before the blast. I saw a little cloud of it behind.

MALCOLM — There was no wind. And now, I have told you, the wind is from behind the house.

HELDA — Then, it blew towards the house.

MALCOLM — Well, it does not matter. "The wind cometh and goeth."

HELDA (*slowly, and as to herself*) — It cometh — and goeth.

MALCOLM — I wonder what they are doing at the castle? The dancers will have gone now. Perhaps they will be putting out the lights.

HELDA — If we have been missed?

MALCOLM — No one will miss us. But, if so, what then? My father knows that those of us for whom there is not room in the castle will sleep for the night in some of the farm-houses near. As for you, if you are missed, they will think you have skated back to Castle Urquhar. No one can know. We are as safe here, my beautiful Helda, as though we were in the grave.

HELDA — Hush! do not say such things.

MALCOLM — Darling, we are safe here. We are miles from the nearest hut even. No one ever comes here.

HELDA — Malcolm, I wish — I wish —

MALCOLM — What is it, Helda? Speak.

HELDA — I wish we had not done this thing. He —

MALCOLM — Who?

HELDA — You know whom I mean: Archibald Graeme.

MALCOLM — Never mind that old man. You will have more than enough of him soon. Is it still fixed that the marriage is to take place ten days hence?

HELDA — He is a good man. He has saved my father from ruin.

MALCOLM — Will he take you away? Will he take you to the South-country?

HELDA — And he loved my mother. He loves me because he loved her.

MALCOLM — He is soon to be so passing rich, Helda. I am to starve, to famish for you, Helda.

HELDA — Dear, I love you with all my heart and with all my soul. You know it. I have given you my secret joy, my true life, my whole love, myself.

MALCOLM — Love like ours would redeem —

HELDA — Hark!

MALCOLM — It is the wind.

HELDA — It blows again across the loch, against the window.

MALCOLM — No, dear Helda, it is but an eddy. The wind rises more and more, but from the north.

HELDA (*whispering*) — Some white snow was blown up against the window!

MALCOLM — Dearest, you are imagining. No snow can blow against this window with the wind as it is, for the gable shuts us off.

HELDA (*trembling, and with hands clasped*) — I saw a round drift of something pale as snow pressed against the window.

MALCOLM — I will convince you.

Rises, and opens the window. There is no snow on the sill. The wind strikes the Keep behind with a dull boom, and rushes overhead with an incessant screaming sound. But in front all is as quiet as though it were a windless night.

MALCOLM — See, dear, there is no snow; and hark! the wind blows steadily southward.

Closes the window, and returns to Helda's side.

HELDA — Malcolm, you will not be angry with me — if I — if I —

MALCOLM — What?

HELDA — If I pray. I have not prayed for a long time from my heart. To-night I fear the darkness without a prayer. I will say no words, but I must pray.

MALCOLM — Pray if you will, Helda.

HELDA — Yes, . . . yes; . . . I must pray!

MALCOLM — Dear, as you will. You would be alone? . . . See: I shall be in the corridor outside. Call me when you wish me to return. But have mercy on me, sweetheart! Remember that there is no fire out there, and that the air is chill along those stone flags.

Rises and leaves the room. He has scarcely closed the door ere Helda cries loudly:

HELDA — Malcolm! Malcolm! Come at once! Malcolm!

MALCOLM (*abruptly re-entering*) — What is it: . . . what is it, Helda? Has anything frightened you?

HELDA — Yes, the whiteness at the window: the snow at the window!

MALCOLM — Oh, Helda, Helda, there is no snow at the window.

HELDA — Malcolm, are there any birds that fly by night?

MALCOLM — The owls fly by night, but not at dead of winter.

HELDA — No bats, no moths?

MALCOLM — No.

HELDA — When I looked out at the window when we came in here I saw that there were no trees near, and that no ivy grows up this side of Iorsa.

MALCOLM — There is none.

HELDA (*in a low, strained voice*) — Malcolm, it was as though there were birds tapping at the window.

MALCOLM — You are nervous, darling. Come, let us forget the dark night, and the wind, and the bitter cold. *We* are here, and the world is ours to-night.

HELDA — Hush! There it is again!

MALCOLM — That sound is in the room.

HELDA — Malcolm! Malcolm!

MALCOLM — My foolish Helda, how easy it would be to frighten you. It is only a little insect in the wall.

HELDA — The death-watch?

MALCOLM — Yes, the death-watch.

HELDA (*shuddering*) — It is a horrible name. *Sst!* How the wind wails.

MALCOLM — I hope —

HELDA — What?

MALCOLM — I hope it does not bring too much snow.

HELDA — Why?

MALCOLM — We are a long way from home, Helda.

HELDA — Do you fear that we cannot get back if the snow fall heavily?

MALCOLM — If it drifts, we cannot skate. But there is no snow yet. There will be none before morning.

HELDA — Darling, I have lost all fear. I am with you. That is enough. If it were not for my father's sake, I wish we could die to-night!

MALCOLM — My beautiful Helda, my darling, my heart's delight!

They stand awhile together by the fire, she leaning against him, and his left arm round her. A log falls in. Another gives way with a crash. There is only a red gulf of pulsating glow, with over the last charred log pale blue frost-flames flickering fantastically. Suddenly they turn, and look into each other's eyes. Malcolm's shine strangely in the half-light, and his face has grown pale. A tremulous flush wavers upon Helda's face. His breathing comes quick and hard. She gives a low, scarce-heard sob.

MALCOLM — My darling!

HELDA — Oh, Malcolm, Malcolm!

An hour passes. . . .

The fire has fallen in, and smoulders beneath such a weight of ash and charred wood that the room is in complete darkness. Outside, utter silence. The wind had suddenly lulled. Malcolm and Helda lie in each other's arms, but neither has spoken for some time.

HELDA — Malcolm!

MALCOLM — My darling!

HELDA — You will not go to sleep? I am so happy, oh, I am so happy, here in your arms, Malcolm; but I should be afraid if you slept.

MALCOLM — Do you think I would sleep, Helda, to-night of all nights in my life?

HELDA (*after a long silence*) — It is so still.

MALCOLM — The wind has suddenly fallen.

HELDA — Move your arm, dear. Malcolm, . . . Malcolm, I wish it were not so dark! I never knew such darkness.

MALCOLM — The fire smoulders. It will not go out. When we rise, I shall blow the flame into life again.

HELDA — I wish it were not so profoundly, so fearfully dark!

MALCOLM — Sweetheart, if you are unhappy, I will stir up the heart of it at once. I will do it now.

Rises from the bed, and stirs the smouldering fire. A flame shoots up and illumines the room for a moment. Malcolm places a fresh log in the glowing hollow he has disclosed, and returns to Helda. She is cowering against the wall, and shivering with fear. As soon as he is beside her, she clings close to him, and moans faintly.

MALCOLM — Helda, Helda, what ails you? What is it?

HELDA — Malcolm, let us go; let us go at once!

MALCOLM — Dearest, do not be so frightened at nothing. Are we to lose this precious night together because of a death-watch ticking in the wall, or a blown leaf tapping against the window?

HELDA — Oh, Malcolm, what was it?

MALCOLM — What? When?

HELDA — When you rose and stirred the logs, and the flame shot up for a moment, I saw —

Stops, shuddering.

MALCOLM — Tell me, darling, . . .

HELDA — I saw some one — a — a — something — rise from the end of the bed and slip into the darkness.

MALCOLM — Oh, foolish Helda, to be so easily frightened by my shadow. Of course my shadow followed me, dear!

HELDA — It was when you were at the fire! The — the — shadow was not yours.

MALCOLM — Ah, there is a wild bird fluttering in that little heart of yours!

HELDA — Dear, when you kiss me so, I fear nothing more. Nothing — nothing — nothing!

MALCOLM — Nothing — nothing — nothing!

HELDA — Ah, yes, hold me close, close! My darling, I have given you all. Nothing now can come between us!

MALCOLM — Nothing, my beautiful Helda. And dear (*whispering*), you do not wish to go yet? The morning is still far off.

HELDA (*whispering lower still, and with a low, glad cry*) — Not now, not now!

Profound silence, save for their sighs and kisses,

MALCOLM (*in a low voice*) — And when old Archibald Graeme —

HELDA (*starting half up*) — Hark! What was that?

MALCOLM (*listening*) — It was nothing. Perhaps the wind rose and fell.

HELDA (*fearfully*) — If it was the wind, it is in the house! I hear it lifting faintly from step to step.

MALCOLM (*listening more intently*) — There must be wind behind the house. It is causing draughts to play through the chinks and in the bare rooms.

HELDA (*sitting up in bed and staring through the darkness*) — It is in the corridor!

MALCOLM — In the corridor?

HELDA — Yes; that low, ruffling sound.

MALCOLM — The wind is rising.

HELDA (*whispering*) — Malcolm, don't move; don't stir. It is at the door.

MALCOLM — I hear it: it is a current of air swirling the dust along the passage.

HELDA (*with a low cry*) — Oh, Malcolm, it is in the room! What is it that is moving so softly to and fro?

MALCOLM (*springing from the bed*) — Ah, I thought so. The window is open: I must have left the latch unfastened. There: it will not open again!

HELDA — The window was not open before, Malcolm.

MALCOLM — Ha! there is the snow at last! I hear its shovelling sound against the gable. Darling, we must go soon.

HELDA (*sobbing with fear*) — It is in the room! It is in the room! It is in the room!

MALCOLM — There is no one here but ourselves, Helda. That sound is the shoving of the snow along the walls.

HELDA — It is someone moving round the room. O Christ, help us!

MALCOLM — Listen!

They both sit up, listening intently. For nearly three minutes there is profound silence.

HELDA — Oh, my God!

MALCOLM — Be still, for God's sake! Do not move.

Utter silence.

HELDA — (*shudderingly*) — Ah—h—h—h!

MALCOLM (*in a low voice*) — Someone is at the door.

HELDA (*in a dull echo*) — Someone is at the door.

MALCOLM (*whisperingly*) — Quick, Helda! rise and dress.

HELDA — I cannot. Oh, my God, what is it that moves about the room? What is within the door? Oh, Malcolm, save me!

MALCOLM — Let me go! Do not be frightened: I shall move that log, and then we shall see.

Rises, and pulls the log back. A shower of sparks ascends: and then a clear, yellow flame shoots up and illumines the room. There is a wild wail of wind in the chimney, and then a long, querulous sighing sound, culminating in a rising moan. A handful of sleety snow is dashed by a wind-eddy against the window.

MALCOLM — Arise!

HELDA — Come to me. I —

Helda cowers back in her bed, with lips drawn taut with terror and eyes staring wildly.

MALCOLM (*suddenly, in a loud, imperative voice*) — Who is there?

Dead silence.

MALCOLM — Who is there?

Dead silence.

HELDA (*with a strange, sobbing cry*) — It is Death!

She falls back in a death-like swoon.

MALCOLM — Oh, my God!

He takes Helda in his arms, kissing her passionately. Slowly at last, she opens her eyes.

MALCOLM — My darling, my darling! Be frightened no more, Helda! . . . Dearest, it is I, . . . Malcolm!  
. . . There is no one there.

HELDA (*whispering*) — Oh, Malcolm, did you hear what he said?

MALCOLM — You were frightened by the stillness; . .



. . . by the wind; . . . the wandering eddies of air in this old place; . . . by . . . by . . .

HELDA—God grant it! Dear, we have paid bitterly for our joy.

MALCOLM—Not too much, Helda! I would go through Hell itself for such rapture as we have known.

HELDA—My darling, I can never face him—I can never face him, with his fierce, penetrating eyes! Ah, would to God that we two could go away together, and be man and wife, and forget him—forget all!

MALCOLM—Even yet, Helda—

HELDA—No, no, no! You know it cannot be. We have sinned enough. Malcolm, are you *sure* no one is there?

MALCOLM—There is not a living soul in this place besides ourselves. . . . But we had best go now, dear. In another hour it will be daylight.

He kisses her tenderly, and then goes to the fire and stirs it afresh. Hurriedly puts on his things, goes to the door, opens it, and, staring into the dark corridor, listens intently. Helda dresses herself rapidly, and ere long glides to his side.

HELDA—Shall we go, Malcolm? It is so dark.

MALCOLM—I will get the torch.

Goes and returns with it lit.

MALCOLM—Let us go. Take my hand.

They descend the long, dark, winding stairway. The torch sputters and goes out.

MALCOLM (*suddenly*)—Who goes there?

No answer.

MALCOLM—Who goes there?

HELDA (*clinging close*)—Someone brushed past me just now! . . . Oh, Malcolm!

Holding each other's hands they stumble on, and, more by chance than fore-knowledge, reach the door that leads into the court. They search awhile for the skates they left there, but in the dark do not find them. At last they are found. They go out, cross the stone court, and as they go through the old ruined gate they look up. A brilliant, red light gleams through the window of the room they had been in.

Hand in hand, they hasten along the snow-banked track till they reach the loch. There they hurriedly put on their skates. In less than a minute thereafter they are flying along the black ice, his left hand holding her right.

HELDA—Quick, Malcolm!

MALCOLM — We cannot go quicker. The snow has drifted a little here.

HELDA — Is that the wind following us?

MALCOLM — There is no wind. Make haste. We must not stop.

After a brief interval:

HELDA — Malcolm! Malcolm! there is someone else on the loch!

MALCOLM — Impossible. Come, Helda, be brave. It will be daylight soon. In five minutes more we'll have crossed the reach, and then have only the Water of Sorrow to skate up till we come to the Black Kyle.

HELDA — It is coming this way! He — he — the skater — is coming this way!

MALCOLM — He must skate well if he overtake *us*, HELDA! Come, the ice is clearer again. I see it: it is blacker than the night.

HELDA — Are we going in the right direction?

MALCOLM — Yes, yes; come on, come on!

They fly along at their utmost speed. Suddenly Helda sways, and almost falls. Malcolm supports her, and they skate on, but more slowly.

HELDA (*faintly*) — Someone passed us!

MALCOLM (*eagerly*) — Look yonder! I can see the shadowy ridge of Ben Malon! It is day!

HELDA — I can go no further. Oh, hold me, Malcolm.

He takes her in his arms. She slowly recovers. Gradually an ashy grey gloom prevails to the eastward. They wait silently. Ere long they see the whole mass of Ben Malon looming through the dusk. The ice gleams like white salt in a dark cavern. Soon the loch is visible for some distance; and, a short way beyond them, the narrow mile-long reach of it known as the Water of Sorrow.

MALCOLM — Helda, dearest, can you go on now? The night is over. . . .

HELDA (*with a low, choking sob*) — Thank God, thank God!

They skate on. The dawn vaguely and slowly advances. Soon they enter the frozen Water of Sorrow. The few trees along its banks are still blotches of black. Neither speaks, but, hand in hand, both sway onward as scythes tirelessly sweeping through leagues of grass. At last they reach the end of the Water of Sorrow, and enter the Black Kyle.

MALCOLM — In ten minutes, Helda, we'll be on Urquhar

Water, and then you will be almost at home. Look behind!  
A white mist is sweeping along after us.

HELDA — I dare not look behind.

MALCOLM — Why?

HELDA — I dare not look behind.

With strained eyes and white, rigid face, Helda skates on, Malcolm still holding her hand. The white wreath of mist gains on them. Helda's breath comes quick and hard, but she increases her speed. Malcolm sways as he strives to keep up with her. They swing out of the Black Kyle and into Urquhar Water. A small islet looms in front of them. Dimly through the grey, chill gloom rises the rugged outlines of Urquhar. The loch forks — one fork toward the castle; the other, and longer, to the right.

HELDA (*gaspingly*) — At last!

MALCOLM — *Sst!* There is someone coming down the Narrow Water!

HELDA — Quick! quick! Let us gain the islet!

They reach it, and Helda sinks exhausted among a bed of reeds, which crackle loudly. Malcolm has just time to recover his balance and to swing round, when a skater dashes from the hidden Narrow and flies across the broad and towards the islet. He sees Malcolm, and hastes in his direction, but without coming right for him. Malcolm recognises him as Martin Brooks, a groom from Urquhar.

MALCOLM (*shouting*) — Ho! Martin! Martin! Stop a moment! Where are you going? Is the side-way open?

MARTIN (*calling, as he swerves for a moment or two*) — I can't stop, sir! I am off across the loch and through the Glen of Dusker to fetch Dr. James Graeme.

MALCOLM — What is wrong?

MARTIN (*shouting, with his hand to his mouth*) — In the dead o' night we heard a wild cry, but no one knew what it was. An hour ago or less the dogs were howling through the house. . . . We found him, sitting straight up and staring at us, with an awful look on his face, stone dead. He must a' died at midnight,

MALCOLM — Who? Who?

MARTIN (*poising a moment, ere he swings away again*) — Archibald Graeme!

His flying figure disappears in the gloom. The mist-wreath comes rapidly out of the Kyle towards the islet. A thin snow begins to fall.

HELDA (*shaken with convulsive sobs*) — Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! — *From the forthcoming American edition of a book of short stories by WILLIAM SHARP.*

## NOTES

Six weeks ago I read the first American notice of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The author was then labelled "hitherto unheard of." Now people are beginning to ask, "Who is Anthony Hope?" Two or three months from now everybody will be talking about him: he has written a fine, stirring, old-fashioned romance. His real name is Anthony Hope Hawkins. He is a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, where he was called to the Bar in 1887, and where he still continues to practise. He has not waited for literature to give him prominence. At Oxford he was a striking figure among his contemporaries, and was made President of the Union. Besides this he stood at the last general election as a Liberal candidate for South Bucks, but was beaten by his noble rival, Viscount Curzon.

Mr. Hawkins was born in 1863, his father being the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, of St. Bride's, Fleet street. He was educated at Marlborough, and was a scholar of Balliol. His first book, "A Man of Mark," was published in 1890 by Messrs. Remington & Co.; and was followed next year by "Father Stafford," and early in 1892 by "Mr. Witt's Widow." In the spring of 1893 there appeared under the title "Sport Royal" a collection of short stories, reprinted for the most part from the *St. James's Gazette*. His first notable book was "A Change of Air," published by Messrs. Methuen last June. The story is a clever one and is rated by some critics above "The Prisoner of Zenda." A bright vivacity and amiability characterize it and its spirit is essentially youthful and light, but it is, on the whole, reflective and charitable in its humor and fancy. Given such a fair record for so brief a period, what may Anthony Hope not yet become? His literary career has been short, he has worked hard and he has always been interesting. "The Prisoner of Zenda" at once gives him a high place in the new romantic school, and one of these days everybody will be reading him.

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### NOTES

Isn't it just a bit curious to find Mr. Arthur Symons' "Stella Maris" and Mr. Arthur Waugh's "Reticence in Literature" between the same covers? But I suppose the Yellow Bookmakers call that broad-mindedness.

We appear to be suffering from literary jaundice just now. There is the "Yellow Book," the "Yellow Aster," the "Yellow Curtain," and I dare say a whole saffron host more of which I do not know.

England bids fair to find its idyllic life represented by the pen of the promising young author of "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter." Tom Cobbleigh, whose real name is Walter Raymond, has begun a series of "Somerset Idylls," in the *British Weekly*, in which paper some of Barrie's best work and Jane Barlow's first saw printers' ink. Appearing under the title, "Love and Quiet Life," the Idylls appear to have continuity so far as they have been published. One of them, "The Ivory Miniature," which I have just read, leaves an impression on my mind of lurking genius that will feel its way into power before these Idylls go much further.



*THE next number of the Chap-Book will contain an article on PAUL VERLAINE, together with a portrait.*

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